C-221-5-6

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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLI. No. 33 MONTREAL, AUGUST 17, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

The Unworldliness of Parson Tyne.

(Sophie Sweet, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Theodora ranged the last row of her tumblers of grape jelly on the top shelf of the closet, and came down the step-ladder with aching feet.

Old Ellen had rheumatism so badly that she could not even help. Old Ellen always had either rheumatism or what she called her 'slow September fever' in preserving-time. She had, in fact, outlived the somewhat small amount of usefulness that she had once possessed; but she had lived in the minister's family for twenty-five years, and when, once or twice, Theodora had ventured to suggest the possibility of a change of domestics, her father had said, with a perplexed wrinkling of his lofty, benevolent forehead, 'Why, my dear child, old Ellen has nowhere to go!' So old Ellen stayed, and was 'put up with.' An additional maid was out of the question; Damsonfield paid its minister but nine hundred dollars a year. The minister's wife was an invalid. There were three roistering boys, who thrust their elbows out of their jacket-sleeves and their toes out of their shoes in a way that filled Theodora's heart with despair.

'I WAS ABLE TO REACH THEM, THEODORA!'

The minister never seemed to mind. He was truly spiritual and lofty of soul. He preached beautiful, uplifting sermons, and was carried away by them, himself, above all sordid cares.

So, practically, Theodora was all there was. It quite often happens that there is one in a family who is all there is practically.

The minister's heart yearned over his young daughter, but only that she might be like Mary, sitting at the Master's feet. He feared a little that she had the Martha temperament.

'Is there anything that a minister's daughter doesn't have to do?' murmured Theodora, sitting down in a kitchen chair to rest her aching feet.

Her intimate friend, Leonora Judd, had had just gone to Northampton to pass her entrance examinations at the college. Theodora had a fine voice, and longed to go to the city to have it cultivated. But only that morning her father had said tremulously, his hand on her head,

'It is a blessing of God, dear child, that you have such a housewifely faculty!'

Theodora had been glad when she was first graduated from the high school that she could ease her mother's mind of care; but, as Leonora Judd said, one did not wish to spend one's life scrubbing under the kitchen stove.

And she was expected to take her mother's place at all the meetings and all social functions. And the people did not appreciate what she did, not one bit. Theodora was sure of it. And it was that reflection, rather than the pain in her feet, that now filled her eyes with smarting tears.

They did not appreciate her father's sermons, either; their depth of sympathy, as well as their lofty spirituality, was lost upon them, she felt certain. They would just as lief listen to old aPrson Root with his commonplace ideas and his lack of comprehension of the loftier meanings of a text. They failed utterly to understand her father, and they thought he was worth only nine hundred dollars a year!

Was it not almost enough to make one doubt God's providence that such things could be? Now at that very point in Theodora's painful reflections the minister's voice was heard calling Theodora, and he immediately appeared in the kitchen with an open letter in his hand and a fine moisture plainly in evidence upon his spectacles.

'Theodora, dear—I could not tell your mother, lest the news should excite her now when she is trying to sleep; but my cousin Alpheus has invited me to occupy the pulpit in —— church.' (It was a great church in a great metropolis.) 'And the invitation comes when it will be an opportunity for Dr. Root to fill my pulpit. It will be for a month. And, Theodora, I can say to you, who will understand, that it will be a joy to me to speak to a great congregation like that.'

'O dad! O dad!' Quick-springing tears filled Theodora's eyes; words that she dared not say faltered on her lips. When once a congregation like that had a chance to hear him, she knew—she knew what would happen!

There was, after all, a providence of God.

Ellen, waiting on the back porch for a preserving-kettle of grape-juice to 'jell,' was singing, 'When I can read my title clear.'

Annis Pritchard was coming along the garden path.

Theodora heard and saw as in a dream. She had so longed, hoped, prayed, that her father might have the opportunity to be heard by a cultivated, an appreciative, city congregation.

Parson Tyne was conscious that Ellen was close at hand and that Annis Pritchard was coming, and slipped away before Theodora had time to give utterance to her eager hopes—if, indeed, she could have found courage to do so, being vaguely conscious that there was something in those hopes that was below her father's lofty standard of living. She had to be a little confidential to Annis Pritchard after she had taken her into the privacy of her own room.

Annis was a more satisfactory confidante than her father, for she understood what it was to be a minister's daughter who was expected to do everything, and obliged to stretch every dollar until it would do almost the work of two.

'Of course you see what it will result in?' she gasped delightedly, after she had poured the story of her father's invitation into Annis's willing ears. (There were

people who called Annis the 'Damsonfield Journal.')

'Do you mean a call to the city church?' asked Annis breathlessly.

'Of course! but you won't breathe it to a soul?' answered Theodora more as a form than from any real sense of indiscretion.

'You don't think I would?' said Annis reproachfully. And at the time she felt and meant utter loyalty to her friend. But oh, dear! There are tongues so like a jack-in-the-box!

Theodora had to entertain Parson Root while her father was gone. He was very dyspeptic, and he made such queer noises in his throat at family prayers that she could not keep the boys from giggling. And she could not make over her old blue cheviot so that the sleeves would be stylish. But the dazzling hopes before her cast their radiance even upon these trials.

It was hard that she could not share these hopes with her mother or the boys. Theodora was of the temperament that longs to share its joys or its sorrows; but her mother's weak heart made even the slightest excitement dangerous, and the boys were too young for discretion to be expected of them.

Prudence had come after her first excitement was over, and she had not confided in any of 'the girls.' She had even cautioned Annis Pritchard again, Annis who had almost tearfully protested against her lack of faith.

Theodora's last doubt fled when she saw her father's face as he alighted from Lon Stevens's accommodation-carriage at his own door on his return from the city. It was rejuvenated; there was a fine radiance upon it, as of one who has suddenly seen a new and wonderful vista open before him.

'I was able to reach them, Theodora!' he said softly even as she removed his old gray shawl from his shoulders. 'I felt as if my lips had been touched by a coal from the altar. The city life, the pursuit of riches, shrinks men's souls, Theodora!'

Then flashed into Theodora's mind a recollection of the blue cheviot sleeves and of the cold pork that was all she had to set before the minister,—the donations had been 'so porky,' lately, as she pathetically said,—and she felt a rebellious longing for some of those same soul-shrinking riches.

'And—and, O dad, did they give you a call?' she demanded breathlessly.

'Why—why—dear child, did you think of that?' asked the minister in astonishment. 'It did not occur to me that such a thing was possible. But they did, Theodora, they did! And the salary? Think of it, child!' The parson laughed; he chuckled jovially. 'They offered your old dad four thousand dollars a year to preach for them. Four—thousand—dollars!' He repeated it slowly, incredulously, as one would speak of a mine of Golconda.

Theodora felt for an instant stunned, bewildered, by the realization of her dazzling visions.

'When—when are we going?' she stammered.

'Going where, dear?' The minister looked altogether amazed. 'You don't think, Theodora, that I could accept the call?' He bent over her,—she had dropped into a chair,—and he spoke huskily. 'Why, child, think of the new mills! of the men and boys that God has sent to me, many who never went to church in their lives! There is no such opportunity in that city. And my people, Theodora, my dear old people to whom I have ministered so long, who need me so! Why, I never thought for a moment that God meant that as a leading! O, no, no, child, I know He did not. There is need of me here.'

His dear people—who paid them nine hundred dollars! thought Theodora bitterly. They were prospering since the new mills had been built, but it had not occurred to them that a minister should be paid more than their fathers and grandfathers had paid him. And her father had never even thought of the salary!

Theodora still sat in silence, with bowed head.

'I have longed for wider opportunities for you, dear child,' said the minister, turning back at the door; 'but where God places us, with our hands full of duties, I think is always best unless other leadings are clear—clear.'

Theodora tried to force herself to assent, his face was so noble and so dear to her; but the sudden vanishing of the vision was too sharp a blow. If he had only realized how hard it was for a minister's daughter to do everything and suit every one, and how difficult it was to keep the boys' clothes darned and patched when there was no money to buy new!

'But—but you will let them know that you had the chance?' she said suddenly, eagerly.

The V above the minister's nose deepened sharply and painfully.

'I could not bear to make such a suggestion. If they do not feel like making an addition to my salary, it—it must be because they do not feel that I am worth any more to them, or that they cannot afford it.'

'They can; they're stingy things,' said Theodora—inwardly.

She was in her mother's room an hour afterwards when Deacon Alvah Plummer was seen coming along the garden path. The deacon was well-to-do, and an influential man in the town, as well as in the church.

'Your father got home? You don't say! Well, it isn't the minister that I came to see; it's you,' he said, as Theodora met him at the door; and his thin, shrewd face was irradiated with smiles.

He sat down comfortably in the Morris chair in the parlor, and drew a small package from his pocket.

'You see, it's this way,' he said after the same preparatory 'ahem' with which he spoke in meeting. 'Folks have thought for some time that you had considerable on your hands for a young girl, and that you—ahem!—attended to it pretty considerable well; and they kind of put their heads together, and made up their minds to make you a little present to show how they felt about it. This here gold watch'—the deacon had slowly unwrapped the package, and now, with great deliberation opened a box—'is a token from your father's parishioners'—the deacon was evidently repeating a lesson not without difficulty—'of—of—their appreciation of your—your faithful performance of your duties.'

A pretty watch with blue enamel and a tiny rose diamond. Theodora knew that Lawyer Gardner's wife, who went often to the city, must have selected it.

Her eyes sparkled: a nineteen-year-old girl's eyes will sparkle at sight of a watch like that; but her heart was filled with such conflicting emotions that she could only stammer her thanks and run out of the room.

'My dear people!' said her father when he saw the watch, and he wiped a moisture from his spectacles. 'Theodora,' he added, gently, 'I trust you understand that I am making no sacrifice of my personal feelings in declining the call. What I feel sure is the will of God is also my heart's desire. I love my people.' His tone was almost appealing, and he looked wistfully into Theodora's face.

'He wants me to say that I love them, too, but I can't!' thought Theodora.

'They were kind to give me the watch—but I should like to pawn it to buy the boys some new jackets! Dad, dear, if they only knew about the call, they would understand something of your value; and, if they would pay you more salary, things might be so much easier!'

This protest came from the fulness of Theodora's heart, almost without her will. When she saw the distress in her father's usually serious face, she repented.

'I trust that my value to them is reckoned in a better way than by dollars,' said the minister in a tone of gentle reproof. 'And I am sure that for our temporal wants God will provide. Be careful for nothing, dear child.'

'I will try to trust, as he does, even if the flour-barrel is low and the donations are all rutabaga turnips!' And Theodora dashed the tears half-savagely from her eyes.

It was three weeks later that Theodora, patching the boys' winter flannels in the waning light, saw Deacon Plummer again coming up the garden path. The minister had gone over to Town Hill to visit a dying parishioner, but the deacon came in and sat down. He repeated his preliminary 'ahem' several times, looking reflectively at Theodora and her basket of mending.

'I expect, now, you rather want your father to accept that call to the city, don't you? he said deliberately at length; and Theodora jumped to her feet, overturning the mending-basket.

'How did you know?' she gasped.

'Well, it was nigh upon a week ago that Annis Pritchard told my daughter Phoebe that she thought he had had a call; that, anyhow, she knew you expected he would—'

('O Annis, Annis!' murmured Theodora with awful reproach in her tone.)

'And some of us were kind of stirred up about it, and we sent to the city to find out. To lose your father, you know—' The deacon's voice came so near to breaking that he was forced to pause. He stirred uneasily in his seat, and finally blew his nose very loudly. 'It was just as if the solid ground had given way under our feet, or more as if the sky had tumbled down. It didn't seem as if we could put up with it, anyhow. Of course we have known right along that we couldn't pay him anything like the salary that he could command, and I expect we had kind of got to thinking that there was so much love betwixt us that the minister could live on that.' The deacon's shrewd eyes twinkled. 'This brought us up with a round turn, I can tell you. Mr. Judd, the mill-owner, said right away that he would add five hundred a year to the minister's salary if we would raise another five hundred among us. That was done on the spot, and I guess there ain't any doubt but we can offer him two thousand a year to stay with us, though, land's sake! we know well enough he would go to the city for nothing a year if he thought 'twas the Lord's leadings.'

'Yes, he would,' said Theodora. And she let the deacon go away in doubt. She thought that he deserved it.

But her heart was dancing in her bosom. O the delightful ease of having enough money! O the joy of her father's heart at this proof of his people's love!

'Annis Pritchard is the 'Damsonfield Journal,' she murmured, 'I suppose it is wicked, but I should like to kiss her!'

Not Ashamed.

Dr. Norman McLeod, the great Scotch preacher, tells the story of Tom Baird, who stood at the door of his working-man's church for many years.

When the minister asked him to stand at the door of the working-man's church, he was a little afraid Tom would be unwilling to do so in his working clothes. 'If,' the minister said, 'you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed——.' 'Ashamed!' he exclaimed, as he turned around on his pastor, 'I'm mair ashamed o' yersel,' sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, Who died for me, was stripped o' His raiment on the Cross, and that I——. Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door.'—'Christian Age.'

SPECIAL

"Messenger"

PREMIUM

FOR only TWO NEW Subscriptions to the "Northern Messenger" at our special rate of 15 cents to Jan 1, 1907, we will send, postpaid,

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Don't Make the Wrinkles. Deeper.

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
  His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little grey,
  Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
  Make not their pathways steeper;
Smooth out the furrows of their brows,
  Oh, do not make them deeper.

There's nothing makes a face so young,
  As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
  Like hearts that have been broken.
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make
  Thy mother be a weeper;
Stamp peace upon a father's brow,
  Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with thy loving deeds,
  Be patient, true and tender;
And make the path that ageward leads
  Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day, thy dear ones, stricken low,
  Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know,
  You made no wrinkles deeper.

—F. A. Breek.

Tim.

He was sitting on an old fence. His hair was dull red, his face freckled, and his clothes almost in tatters, but under his torn hat one could see bright blue eyes, brimful of mischief and content, and a friendly grin.

'My name, did yer say? Sho! 'tain't nothin' but Tim, for I jest got no yuther name. Yer think I'm settin' here lonesum-like? Oh, no'm, I ain't a mite lonesum-like, for ther's Bob White er callin' yender; and jest look at that pretty ant-hill agin that ole rotten post. How cunnin' them lettle, hustlin' fellers be! 'Pears like ez if folks ud be friendly an' good-feelin'-like in their dealin's ez ants, ther ben't so much fussin' an' jawin'. Yer see this little trick?' he continued, holding up a rude, tiny, wooden spoon. 'It's fur the lettle feller up ter where I works. He's kinder helpless-like an' sickly, an' thinks a sight uv me, so I just been er shapin' this fur him.'

Several days later I was sitting on Mrs. Simmons' porch, when I heard a startled exclamation, and, turning in my chair, I saw Tim coming up the steps, his arms filled with stove wood and his pockets full of daisies and brown-eyed susans.

'Well, I jest declare! Be ye the boarder what Miss Simmons was lookin' fur? Well, I shore am glad yer are the one!"

He deposited his load in the wood-box, and touched the delicate flowers tenderly with his rough, toil-worn hands.

'Ain't these posies purty? Yer see, that lettle feller sets er mighty store by them daisies, but seems like he don't care a mite for the susans. He be just a like daisies—pure and kinder white, an' I s'pose I be like er susans. Naw, I ain't thinkin' uv givin' him rough old yaller susans, fur he's too tender and good-like.'

Still talking in his quaint way, he ran to the sick boy's side and offered his gifts. Then he sat down to give a thrilling account of 'the purtiest an' cunnin'est leetle woodchucks I ever seed, Billy!'

Poor little Billy's face would be bright, and the pains in his little twisted form didn't seem so hard to bear, when Tim was near. Billy's mother was cross and irritable. Poverty and drudgery had taken away the sweetness of mother love and kindness. Tim did not mind the cross words, heavy tasks and cruel blows bestowed on him day after day, for there were the wonderful birds, trees and flowers, and 'the lettle feller' to be his friends, and the jewels of a kingdom would have been paltry beside Tim's treasures, which he shared with little Billy.

Only once did Tim show anger. One morning Mrs. Simmons came up the steps, and stumbled against Billy's little crutch. The cripple received a sharp slap, and Tim, who had been watching, dropped his broom and sprang toward her.

'Don't yer dare tech him agin! Fer—I'll—I'll—'

Then, between sobs, he added:

'Please, Miss Simmons, don't hurt him, fur he's sech er lettle, helpless feller,—an'—an' I jest kain't see him, no-hows?'

The mother, astonished by the rebuke, gazed at him in sullen silence, and returned to her work.

One Sunday Tim returned from the little log church with a new delight in his eyes.

'Oh, Miss Kate, I jest must tell yer about my new Frien'! The preacher says he likes lettle ragged fellers like me an' Billy, an' thet he lives in er shiny-like place. But it's kinder quare-like, an' I'm 'mos' 'fraid he won't like me, fur I'm so ugly an' dirty. You think he won't mind rags an sich-like? An' do yer b'lieve he ud let me like him, fur I'm jest Tim?'

After that he grew more joyous. The delight he had with the birds, insects and flowers increased when he was told that they were given to him by this strange new Friend. He said:

'Ain't he good, Miss Kate, ter give us all them purty things? Law, jest look at that ole black beetle er crawlin' erlong! S'pose he's thankful in his lettle way er sneakin' erbout, fur the sun an" rain an' vittles, ez yer er me be. But he ain't never showin' his joy, for he jest plods erlong! I ain't thet way, fur my joy just bursts plum loose, an' I'm bound ter whoop, or turn er summrset down the road, er give lettle Billy er mighty tight squeeze! 'Pears like joy ain't joy less'n yer 'low yuthers ter know an' hev sich er piece ez yer kin. In all my good things, ther best un's Billy.'

As he concluded, he would run to the fragile boy's chair, squat on the floor beside him, and pour forth his fun and drollery.

As the summer advanced, we saw Billy was growing weaker, and we realized that the day would come when the patient little lad would go to be with Tim's Friend.

'Oh, he ain't gwine to leave me, is he, Miss Kate? I jest kain't spare him, fur he's all the frien' I got, an—'

Here his grief overcame him, and, pulling his cap over his eyes, he hid his face on his ragged sleeve, and sobbed out his grief and loneliness.

Two days later Tim and I stood beside Billy's grave. Tim's face was tear-stained, but he was very quiet.

'Don't grieve for your little friend, Tim, for he is well and happy now,' I said, trying to cheer the forlorn child.

'Yes'm, I know he be, fur he's in heaven, where he can walk ez good ez enny of us, an' he'll never hev to hev a crutch to help himself eround with, like 'e did while 'e lived 'ere. Arter er lettle bit, I won't git ez lonesum-like an' hongry to see 'im. Now, jest look at 'em lettle white posies er bloomin' yender in ther hedge. I'll git er few an' lay them on ther grave, fur, p'raps, Billy'll know that I jest kain't furgit 'im!'

Brave little Tim! Loneliness and drudgery before him, the flowers, birds and insects his only friends, and blows, harsh words and rags his only portion, yet in his humble way he had portrayed the beauty and the sweetness of friendship, and his perfect trust in his and Billy's best Friend.

Be gentle, boys, all of you. You can be, if you will. It is high praise to have it said of you, 'He is as gentle as a woman to the unfortunate.' Don't imagine that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society if you make your little sister or any other girl cry, whenever she comes where you happen to be. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentlemen.—Selected.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Aug., it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Kate Leland's Five-dollar Bill.

(Julia D. Cowles, in the 'Girl's Companion.')

Three girls were walking along the corridor of Madame Skinner's Select Boarding School, arm in arm, talking earnestly.

'Isn't it dreadful!' said Edith Livermore. 'I never should have mistrusted Dorothy of doing anything like that. She has such an innocent face. I believe, girls, we've made too much of her. We don't know where she came from, or who her parents were. We only know that she is poor, and works for her board and tuition. She may have inherited a propensity for appropriating articles which do not belong to her. Who knows?'

'Oh, I am sure Dorothy Little never could have taken the money!' said Marion Kellogg. 'There is no one in school more honest in every way. There must be some mistake.'

'Well, then, I wish you would tell me where my money did go so suddenly,' said Kate Leland, excitedly, stopping short in her walk, and facing Marion. 'I am positive Dorothy took it, and I will give you the reason for my suspicions. Then you can judge for yourself. I am not in the habit of jumping at conclusions. Tuesday, Dorothy brought me a letter, and I asked her into my room, as I often do. When I opened my letter a five-dollar bill dropped out.

'"Isn't it lovely of mamma," I said, "to send me this money for my birthday! Don't you like to find money in a letter?" "I don't know how it would seem," said Dorothy. "I never had any sent me, but I am pretty sure I would like it. I have had only a dime in my purse for so long it must be lonesome. And if I had five dollars I could hardly decide how to spend it, there are so many things I really need. So you see I am saved a great deal of trouble in not having any."'

'That's true,' broke in Edith. 'Her clothes are so shabby she is really a disgrace to the school. But she doesn't often speak of herself or her clothes.'

'I know it,' said Kate; 'she is usually very reticent on that subject. But I didn't think about it at the time. The bell rang just then, so I put my money in my purse, and Dorothy and I went out together. I didn't say a word to anybody about it, because I wanted to surprise you girls; and I was going down alone for nuts, fruit and candy this morning, but when I opened mp purse the money wasn't there.'

'Have you looked everywhere?' asked Marion. 'If your bureau drawers are in the condition that mine often are, you would have to hunt some time before you could be sure the money was not there.'

'I am sure I put it in my purse,' said Kate. 'Of course I would, but I have looked everywhere—in my water pitcher, under my mat, and in every other probable or improbable place—and it isn't in my room, I'm sure of that!'

'But why should you suspect Dorothy, any sooner than any of us other girls?'

'I will tell you,' said Kate. 'Last night when the girls all went out on the lawn to see that barn burn in the village, I went back to my room to get my shawl. I came up the stairs at this end of the corridor, and just as I reached the top of the stairs, I saw Dorothy come out of my room at the other end, and run downstairs without seeing me. I thought at the time she had probably brought up some clean clothes or something else, but when I went into my room, everything was just as when I left it so far as I could see.'

'Madame Skinner might have sent her there on some errand, said Marion.

'Wait until I have told you all I know about it,' said Kate impatiently. 'This morning Lida Dennis came into my room. She had just come from the milliner's, and she asked me if I knew that Dorothy had had a fortune fall to her. "A fortune?" I said. "Why, she must have had," said Lida, "for Miss Cummings says she came in there this morning and bought a new hat. Just think of it! Dorothy with anything on her head but that old black straw, with green ribbon on it! She bought a pretty black turban, with velvet and tips on it, and paid five dollars. Miss Cum-

mings said she looked as pretty as a pink." I said nothing, but I put this and that together ,and I have no doubt but my five-dollar bill is in Miss Cummings' money drawer.'

'I don't understand how anyone can doubt it,' said Edith. 'The temptation was evidently too strong for her to resist.'

Marion looked grave.

'Have you said anything to Madame Skinner?' she asked.

'Not yet,' said Kate, 'but I am going to now. I think she ought to know it. Come with me.'

Madame Skinner was a queenly woman, lovely in person and character, an earnest Christian and a wise leader. She was greatly loved by all her pupils. She laid down her pen, and gave the young girls a smile of welcome.

With a little embarrassment Kate told her of her loss and suspicion, growing positive and earnest as she proceeded. Madame listened with a pained, serious face. When Kate had finished, Madame Skinner said in a low tone:

'My dear, do you know you have made a very grave charge? Many reputations have been lost, and lives ruined, by accusations no greater than this. I have known Dorothy for three years, and I am confident there is no one in school more honest than she. I have never known her to deceive me in any way. I beg you to say nothing of your loss to anyone. I think it will be explained sooner or later.'

'I do not accuse Dorothy,' said Kate. 'But she has no parents, and never speaks of any intimate friends, and I should like to know where the money came from to pay for her hat. She told me two days ago that she only had a dime, and she spoke as if there was no prospect of her having any more. I can't help thinking she took my money, but I will say nothing about it to anyone. I am sure I do not want to injure Dorothy.'

There was a low knock at the door and Dorothy came in with the afternoon mail. Madame Skinner called the girl to her and slipped an arm around her waist.

'I have heard some news, she said smiling. 'Miss Cummings says our Dorothy has a new hat, and that it is very becoming.'

Dorothy gave Madame a quick look, then dropped her eyes, while her face flushed.

Kate and Edith quickly exchanged glances.

'What is it, dear? Are you keeping something from me?' Madame Skinner asked kindly. 'You know my interest is great in whatever concerns you. Tell me what troubles you.'

Dorothy raised her eyes. There were tears on her eyelashes.

'I wanted to tell you,' she said in a low tone, 'but I was afraid you would think me extravagant, and I was ashamed. I almost decided to ask Miss Cummings to take the hat back. I paid five dollars—just think of it! But I did so want to have something pretty once, so the girls would not be ashamed of me. Do you think it was very wrong?'

'But the money was yours, Dorothy? You had a right to do with it as you pleased?'

'Yes,' said the girl, drawing a letter from her pocket. 'And if you will read this, perhaps you will not think it so strange that I bought the hat.'

She laid the letter on the table, and slipped quietly from the room.

Madame Skinner unfolded the letter.

'I think, girls, that you should hear this. I am sure Dorothy would be willing, if she knew her character was called in question'; and she read aloud:

Dear Niece Dorothy: It is a great undertaking for me to write a letter, but I must tell you of our good fortune. Your uncle Joshua has sold the clay swamp to a brick company for six hundred dollars. It never was of any use to us, so it seems like a dream that it has brought so much. We took four hundred and fifty dollars and paid off the mortgage that has hung like a burden on our shoulders so long. Then we sent ten dollars to the Home Missionary Society; and your uncle got me a new warm cloak and dress, and a new overcoat and hat for himself.

You would hardly know us, we look so fine. We enclose five dollars for you, with our love, and we want you to spend it for something that will make you happy—something special, because it doesn't seem like common, everyday money, someway. We haven't forgotten the summer you spent with us, and we wish there wasn't so many hundred miles between us, so you could spend all your vacation here. Your loving

AUNT BETSEY.

Madame Skinner laid down the letter, 'I was sure Dorothy could explain about the money,' she said quietly.

'But that does not make it any plainer where my money went,' said Kate.

'You are sure you saw the bill? Is it not possible that your mother forgot at the last moment to enclose it?' asked Madame.

'Oh, Madame!' said Kate, 'it dropped from my letter when I opened it, Dorothy could tell you that—and I remember I put it in my purse. Mamma says the very last thing that she enclosed it.'

As she finished speaking she took the letter from her pocket, and opened it. The missing bill dropped upon the table.

Kate's face crimsoned with shame.

'Why I thought—I was sure I put it in my purse!' she stammered. 'Oh, Madame, what have I done! I am so sorry and ashamed!' And she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Madame stroked the bowed head tenderly.

'I am glad you came to me with it,' she said, 'before telling the others. I trust this will be a lesson which we shall not forget. We should always be careful how we judge others. It is better to lose valuables than to bring a false accusation against an innocent person.'

Kate left Madame Skinner and hurried to Dorothy's room.

Dorothy met her at the door.

'I was going to find you,' she said, before Kate could speak. 'I want to make a confession. Aunt's letter came the night of the fire, and when I thought of getting a new hat, I slipped up to your room, while you were gone, and tried on your turban to see if it was becoming. I couldn't wait to go downtown. And I've felt so small ever since. I can't get back my self-respect unless you say you'll forgive me. Why, Katie, what are you crying for?'

'Oh, Dorothy! you can never forgive when I tell you what I thought—what I believed you had done. I could not find the money mamma sent me and I saw you leave my room that evening, and I knew about your hat, and I thought—' But poor Kate could go no further with her story.

'You thought I took your money?' asked Dorothy. 'Don't cry so, Katie. Of course I forgive you.'

'And it was all my fault,' said Kate. 'I put the money back in the envelope, myself.'

A few weeks later Edith and Marion were again walking arm in arm, up and down the corridor, but Kate Leland was not with them.

'I am almost jealous of Dorothy Little,' said Edith. 'We hardly ever see Kate now. Ever since that affair of the money they are such friends. They spend more than half the time out of school hours together.'

'Yes,' said Marion, 'and do you know Dorothy is the favored one this time who has been invited to spend her vacation at Ingleside? I did hope I should get an invite this time. It is the most delightful place to visit, and the Lelands are the nicest people in the wide world.'

Don't I know that?' asked Edith. 'I shall never forget the eight weeks I spent there. And, Marion, if good Mother Leland takes a fancy to Dorothy—as she certainly will—it will be the making of her. They will do everything for her—they are just that kind of people.'

Edith's prediction proved true. Mother Leland took the orphan girl into her great warm heart, and all the family vied with each other in making Dorothy happy. When the vacation ended, and Dorothy with tearful eyes tried to express her gratitude for all this kindness, Mrs. Leland stopped her.

'My dear,' she said affectionately, 'we do it because we love you. And remember you are our daughter now. You are to work no more for kind Madame, but are to have all your time for study, to prepare yourself for some useful work in the world. No, do not thank us. God gave us wealth, and we try to use it in ways that be pleasing to Him.'

'Kate, dear,' said Dorothy as they were carried swiftly back to school over the shining steel rails, 'I cannot help but think how strangely things are woven into our lives. That five dollar bill—how near it came to making trouble for me, and yet through that incident all this has come to me.'

'It is only another instance, I suppose,' said Katie, laughing, 'which proves that "every cloud has a silver lining."'

'Yes,' said Dorothy, 'and what a silvery one it is for me!'

How Boys can be Gentlemen.

Let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money that he spends. Not one or all of these things do it, and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how, and finally, and above all, by fearing God and by keeping his commandments.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

How Glad Are You?

Rob and Amy were perched an either arm of mamma's big chair, looking at the pictures as she cut the leaves of a new magazine. 'Oh!' cried Amy, 'that's funny!' and she pointed to a little bare-backed boy sitting under a stream of water which came from a big pipe just over his bent head.

Japanese boy washing away the lies he has told,' said Rob. 'As if he could that way! and I'd rather go in swimming, anyway.'

'So would this boy, I don't doubt,' said mamma. 'The Japanese are a very clever little people, and spend a great deal of time in the water. But think of his being taught that a lie can be washed away! Poor little chap! It isn't really "funny," after all, is it, Amy?'

'No, it isn't. It seems 'most as bad as the Chinese children sticking paper prayers on their ugly old idols. Miss Carey was telling us about that one Sabbath. If the piece of paper stays on, your prayer is answered; but if it falls off you must buy more of the priest and try to stick them on. And in India—'

'What about India?' mamma asked, as Amy paused, her big, dark eyes growing more sober.

'Oh, it's worst of all for little girls there, Miss Carey says. One day a missionary heard a little girl screaming, and there was an old woman pinching her till she was all black and blue, and a man stood and looked on, and they said the little girl had been married to him, and his mother had a right to pinch her or whip her, and it was all because the man had been sick, and they said the gods were angry with the little girl for something. But the missionary made the old woman stop.'

'Mamma's arm tightened around her little daughter. 'Be thankful every day you live that you are a little American girl, instead of a wretched little Hindoo child-wife,' she said, fervently.

'Or a Chinese girl, with your toes doubled under,' put in Rob.

'I am glad,' said Amy. I'd just as rather be born in America as you would, Rob.'

'Are you both glad in your pockets?' asked mamma, practically.

'Pockets?' chorused the little children, wonderingly. Then Amy laughed. 'You mean pocketbooks, don't you, mamma? 'Yes, we've been saving up for the missionary collection next Sabbath.'—'Missionary Friend.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Keeping Sunday by Studying Saturday.

Now, about Sunday studying, just a word. I don't believe any boy of our age has such hard studying to do that he is obliged to study on Sunday to get his lessons, does he? Otherwise, how does it happen that he can get his lessons just as well—generally better—for other days than Monday, when there is no Sunday in between?

It is just because the old 'thief of time,' procrastination, has been around, and stolen Friday and Saturday, that the boys decide to take a little of Sunday away from God for week-day things that aren't necessary—aren't necessary, that is the point. So don't study on Sundays, boys, and if you know boys who do, perhaps by not drawing them into some game on Saturday when they ought to be doing a little studying, you can do your part. It will show whether you are really in earnest!

It does seem as if there never was a time when the question of Sunday observance was being considered by so many people all over the country. If you are up-to-date boys and read the newspapers, you can's help seeing that, even if you are more interested in the athletic page.—'Brotherhood Star.'

The Heavenly Father and the Prodigal Son.

In the large city of Sanzok, China, I recently baptized four converts, and there are five others awaiting baptism. One of the men baptized, named Kan, is rather a remarkable instance of the part that the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God may play in leading the Chinese to salvation.

Kan, who was an idol-maker in a large way of business, has a son who has given him a good deal of trouble, a scapegrace altogether. One day, in our preaching hall, the father heard the preacher say that God was the Heavenly Father of men. At once this thought flashed across his mind: 'What if I am giving my Heavenly Father the same feeling of distress that my son is giving me? Ought I not to turn about?'

He became an inquirer, and turned out all his stock of idols. 'I have lost my business,' he says; 'but never mind; I have found a peaceful heart.'

His old customers are exceedingly angry with him, because they say that all the idols they bought from him have now lost their efficacy!—W. Nelson Bitton.

Edmonia's Influence.

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Forward.')

Edmonia Beale opened her eyes on a wide, white world, one wintry morning and sat up in bed, unmindful of cold shivers, to enjoy the sight.

In her Florida home, snow was only a tradition of the oldest inhabitant; and Edmonia had never seen real snow before in her life. She had been at Merryoaks, her Uncle Tom's place just outside of Baltimore, for some days; and now her eager wish was gratified; the snow had come at last, in great piles and drifts and swirls.

The fairyland outside was so enchanting that Edmonia found it hard to get dressed in time for breakfast, and had an apology to make when she finally came to the table. Breakfast was a rather hurried meal at Merryoaks, for Uncle Tom and Tom, Jr., had to catch the eight-forty electric car to the city; Uncle Tom to reach his office in good time, and young Tom to answer roll call at the city college.

'My! but I envy you a new sensation, Coz., said the collegian, after hearing the young Southerner's raptures over the snow.

'Hear him!' cried Tom's sister Frances, 'hear our "blase" creature! A new sensation! If you remember to get my pin mended to-day, Tom, it will give me a new sensation. I assure you.'

'The head of your class might be a place of new sensations, sir,' said Uncle Tom, severely.

'Father, can't you come home on an earlier car to-day?' questioned the mother from her end of the table; 'the cars are so miserably crowded after five o'clock in bad weather.'

Edmonia felt sure that this was meant to divert the family talk into smoother channels, and she was grateful to Aunt Sara; for Tom's face was an angry red, and the visitor felt responsible, as well as uncomfortable.

But to her surprise and disappointment, the mother did not stick to her role of guardian of the peace. At Tom's first mention of his intention to spend the night in town, his mother remonstrated bitterly, and the boy answering with impatience and scant respect; altogether it was very painful, and the young stranger was glad when the family party broke up, and she was free to establish herself in the library window to watch the storm.

But its weird beauty was lost upon her for a while; memory was rolling backward her wonderful canvas, and showing the girl a very different background for the picture of another mother and son; her own mother this time, and her brother Tom; for the Tom Beales were confusingly numerous in the connection.

How well Edmonia remembered that summer night when Tom was leaving for college; the oleander-scented lawn, the moon in the sky, the glowworms in the grass, and the mother's voice, full of tears, speaking through the shadowy dimness:

'I have done my best for you, dear son, and now there is nothing more I can do, except to be good friends with you.'

Ah, how beautifully that plan had worked in the home among the oleanders; Edmonia had never heard one rasping word between that mother and that Tom, and yet there was many a difference of opinion, as there must be between one generation and another.

'Shall I tell Frances about that night—and about "being friends"—and about our Tom?' the girl in the window seat questioned herself. 'It is a risky thing to do, and it might not answer with this Tom, but I wish——'

'Well, I declare! If this isn't too bad; she heard her cousin's voice behind her. 'That disagreeable Tom has gone off and left my pin, when I asked him to be specially careful not to forget it. I am sure he did it on purpose. Is your Tom as exasperating as ours, Eddy?'

Providence seemed to hold the door open for this timid little philosopher; she took her life in her hand, as it were, or at least the chance of her cousin's friendliness; and, armed with her dear mother's experience and wisdom, she set herself to answer the petulant question.

A good resolution to change a mistaken and mischevious course is often the bravest and best thing in sight; but the resolver must not expect to enter at once upon the smooth paths that wiser people have gained through years of steady effort; in fact, with crossing from one path to the other one is beset with many difficulties and mortifications. Frances found it so.

Tom did not come back that stormy night, and his mother's face was shadowed with pain and anxiety. When another twenty-four hours brought him home, he wore a look of sullen defiance.

'I hope your pin is mended to your satisfaction, my amiable young lady,' he said mockingly to his sister.

Frances hesitated one dangerous moment, long enough for the words to flash over memory's wire, 'Nothing I can do, except to be friends,' and then she answered gaily, 'As well as usual, thank you,' while the mother looked from one face to the other perplexed by that new note in Frances' voice.

Tom, however, was exasperated by the unexpected answer. 'Was she trying to cajole him into being a goody-goody little boy?' And so the new plan was roughly held up.

It may be that Tom's sister could not have persevered along th's discouraging way alone; but there are no 'maybe's' in our Father's plans for his children; like Queen Esther, the little girl from the land of oleanders had come to Merryoaks at this time for this very (unknown) purpose, no doubt, and she was as staunch an ally as the royal girl of old. It was not long before the boy at Merryoaks felt the difference in his home atmosphere; there was a sense of comradeship, now, that sweetened life, and made him ashamed to be disagreeable.

But it was not until Edmonia had been the rounds of the widely-branching family, and with the next autumn's frosts had gone back to the far South, that Tom had occasion to put Frances to the test, and know her for his friend and chum.

'I say, Frank,' he called to her one night, through the closed door of her chamber, can't I come in for a little talk?'

'Wait a minute'—she answered, hastily donning a blanket robe—'yes, certainly, come in, Tom.' But she was surprised at his manner, it was not the sauntering, patronizing air usual with the young collegian. He came in with a set look on his black brows, and went directly to his point:

'The truth is, Frances, I have played you a shabby trick, and I feel like a cad about it. I don't suppose it will do you any good for me to own up; in fact, I believe it is just a selfish sort of feeling that makes me do it; still'——

Frances found her breath coming short and quick. What did this mean? Tom had given his family many anxious days and nights, on account of a certain tendency he had for undesirable companions; but he had never really gotten into mischief; and lately he had seemed so much more willing to stay at home; what was he about to reveal?

'It was last winter,' he began again, and a little sigh of relief escaped his listener; after all, if it was last winter, it could not mean so much now—'last winter, about the time Eddy left, Ernest Shafer told me that he was going to propose your name for our Fortnightly Club, and I—it was a beastly thing for me to do—but I asked him not to do it!'

Tom ground out this confession with considerable anguish of spirit and shame and mortification; he was surprised into stupefaction, almost, to see a bright, relieved smile on his sister's face.

'Is that all?' she cried, gaily. 'Oh, Tom, you made me really scared. Why, I knew that months and months ago. I'm so glad, that's all.'

'You knew it months ago?' he repeated, still dazed.

'Certainly I did; don't you know somebody always tells such things? I was even told your reason (Tom suddenly got red as a coxcomb), that you said I was too snappish. Well, you needn't have said it, old man, about your sister, still, it was true.

But Tom hardly heard what she was saying. 'You knew it all along,' he kept repeating; and memory was busy showing him the unbroken kindness and friendliness of his sister during all that time. It was making an impression upon him for the rest of his life. He was not a demonstrative fellow, but he went over to the bed, took the blanket roll in his arms and gave it a generous hug.

'You are the best chum a fellow ever had, Frank,' he said, heartily. 'I don't deserve to have you for a sister, but things are going to be different—you'll see.'

And presently the little cousin on the Gulf coast was smiling to herself over the success of her plan—of her mother's plan rather—of just being friends with the big boys.

A Boy's Duty.

A boy's temptations are no harder for a boy than a man's temptations are for a man. It is as much a boy's duty to be faithful and just and kind on the play ground or at school or at home as it is a man's duty to be just and honest and true in the counting-room or in the Senate hall. It is just as much a boy's duty to imitate the boy Jesus as it is a man's duty to imitate the man Jesus.—Exchange.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

'Your name is Mickey, and your name is Daley.' Jim's voice was that of a calm referee. 'And if you've got two names, sure a song could have as many. So you're both right. But I'm telling you this, Mickey Daley, and do you be mindin' it! There's many a man right with his tongue that's wrong with his fists!' And then he tenderly played a few measures of the Saint's one song, hoping she would sing it, as she often did, since he had picked up the air —but she had fallen asleep, her red hair even redder than usual, in the glare of the fire. She woke when the boys went, and as she followed them out, she called back cheerily, 'Tis a surprise I have for breakfast for you, Jim!'

But next morning, when she had set the little table, and put on it her surprise, two buns bought with the nickel she had saved by walking to the hospital, she found Jim lacking in appetite, if not in enthusiasm.

'You are mighty good, Cecilia,' he said as he drank a little of his tea.

'But you ain't eatin' 'em,' she answered in disappointed tones.

To please her, he tried to and failed. 'My head aches this morning—I'll be eatin' 'em for supper,' he said as he went away.

All day long, Cecilia tried to keep from looking at the dainties, with the little currants in the frosting, for fear she should be tempted to eat them. When Jim came home in the evening, they stood upon the table, but he sat down wearily, and put his head on his arms.

'What is it, Jim? What's the matter?' She bent over him anxiously.

'My head is achin'—and my chest is achin'—and my sides is achin'—in fact, I guess, I'm all one big ache.' He tried to say it jestingly, but she saw that his face was drawn and his eyes strangely bright. 'Go lay down, Jim—and I'll cover you all up—and I'll put a cloth on your head,' and while she spoke, she took the frayed towel from the hook, and poured over it a dipper of water. With a sigh of relief, Jim threw himself across the little bed, and Cecilia, stooping to lay the cooling towel on his head, felt how hot it was.

When the boys came in as usual., she whispered to them that Jim had a headache, and was asleep, and they tiptoed out. All evening she watched by his bedside, dampening the cloth as it grew dry and warm. Jim, who had fallen asleep immediately, turned restlessly about, but did not awaken. Ten o'clock, and eleven came, still he tossed about, and once in a while, seemed to moan in his sleep. Cecilia felt she could not leave him, so she quietly fixed the little fire and decided to spend the night. Her tireless hands straightened the thin little coverlet, and bathed his head, and her eyes grew wide and bright, as the night wore on, and Jim began to mutter in his sleep. He tugged restlessly at the buttons on his shirt—'The ticket is here! If I only had the money to take it back.'

'What is it, Jim?' She bent over him tenderly, but he only turned about, and half-opened his eyes in a way that frightened her.

She never knew before how long the night was. She heard the church bell strike the hours, and was angrily annoyed that it seemed so long between the strokes. Once when she had heard it strike four, she knew the clock must have stopped because she did not hear it strikefive;but long after she had decided it must be almost time for the people to go to work, it struck the five clear tones. She could scarcely trust her senses that it hadonly been an hour. At last, there came a few faint streaks of gray, and from the courtyard, she could hear the creaking of the pump handle, the sure sign that a meal was in process of preparation.

She was glad when Mickey stopped in on his way to school,—Mickey was the only boy in the Court who she treated as an equal. 'Mickey,' she faltered, 'Jim's sick —he's awful sick!'

'Is he?' There was more wonderment than actual sympathy in Mickey's tones. 'Ain't he goin' to work?' That to Mickey, was the distinguishing point between merely being ill and being dangerously, interestingly sick.

'Going to work!' the Saint echoed wearily. 'He's been burning all night, and rolling.'

While Mickey went back to tell his mother, Celie tried to straighten the bed, and she washed Jim's foce, as she had seen the nurse wash Puddin's. He seemed to brighten, and said something about getting up, but trying to rise, he fell back upon his pillow with a moan and slept again.

It seemed only a moment until Mrs. Daley came in, and her feet beat a merry tattoo, as she stepped across the floor, owing to her economical habit of wearing out Mr. Daley's shoes, when they had outlived their usefulness to their original owner. She felt Jim's head with the air of one experienced, and bent over to listen to his breathing, and her cheery face clouded. 'Tis sick he is, Celie!'

'Is he awful sick, Mrs. Daley?' Cecilia's face was very white as she spoke.

'God bless you, child. I ain't no doctor!' She bent over Jim as she spoke, and her strong arms lifted him to the pillow. 'But it's a doctor had ought be here!'

He got a doctor for Puddin'!' Cecilia made a brave effort to keep the sob back, but failed.

'And if he did? Shame on you now to be cryin' over it! Do you go to the drug store and tell the man to send the doctor in.' Mrs. Daley knew from experience the way to proceed.

'Will he come for the asking?' The Saint's voice was very eager.

'He will that! Go, now, Cecilia, and I'll be waitin' till you come back.' And without waiting a moment, Cecilia sped out, across the courtyard, and down the street to the store. The clerk stepped forward as she entered, and, used as he was to the Court and its people, he noted the drawn face and the wide, frightened eyes. Her voice, shrill and high-pitched, yet was timid and pleading. 'Will you be sending the doctor? Jim is awful sick, and Mrs. Daley she said you'd send him for the asking.'

'Sure!' His voice was cheery and he laid his hand on her shoulder kindly. 'And who's Jim?'

'Don't you know Jim? Jim Belway, he mends shoes in the Court. And he's awful good, and will you send him right away?' The Saint's heart was in her eyes, and the clerk, noting it, promised to send the doctor as soon as he came in, and even asked her how to spell 'Belway,' as he wrote it down, and she felt comforted when he stuck the paper on a rack. It took but a minute to speed back to the Court, and take up her place at Jims' bed. Mrs. Daley went back to her washing, and with a sinking fear at her heart; all the Court loved Jim, for scarcely one that he had not at some time befriended.

Jim slept off and on all morning, and even when awake, he didn't seem like Jim; he called her 'Margaret,' and kept on saying, 'I'm keepin' the ticket, Margaret.'

She bent over him, and smoothed back his hair tenderly. 'Don't you be knowin' my name ain't Marg'ret, Jim? You know I'm Cecilia, Cecilia what's here all the time!' and quite unconsciously, 'I'm the Saint,—don't you know, Jim?

But Jim muttered on incoherently, and unweariedly; she straightened the coverlet, as he tossed it about, and gave him water, and bathed his forehead. It was noon when the doctor came in, and Mickey was with her, sitting disconsolately by the stove.

With practiced eye he took in Jim's flush, and dimmed eyes, and he felt his pulse, and bent over until his head rested on Jim's chest; all the time his face grew graver, and when he stood up, he simply asked, 'Little girl, is this your father?'

'No, sir, he ain't nothin'!' Her voice shook so, she herself hardly recognized it.

'Who's here to take care of him, child?' The doctor's tone was kind, but he had many more charity calls to make, and his time was valuable.

'Me. I'm all Jim's got.' At the simple, plaintive words, the doctor scanned the tired, pinched face, and the hurried edge to his voice was gone, and he spoke very low and tenderly.

'Then, my dear little girl, you have a hard case for such a little nurse! If he wern't so sick, we'd take him to the hospital, but as it is, you and I will try to fight it out, and if he isn't better to-morrow, we'll try to send a mission nurse in.'

'Has he got something bad?' Her voice didn't quiver now, but was strained in its intensity.

'Pneumonia.' This was very clear to the doctor, but to Cecilia, who had never heard of it before, it was therefore all the more awful. She clinched her teeth, and drew a long breath. The words came slowly, but her heart pulsed through every one. 'I know I'm only—a little—girl, but I'll take good care of Jim!'

'I'm sure you will!' The doctor's voice too wasn't quite steady. 'This little boy will go to the drug store to get the medicine, I know, for I'll give him a penny.'

Mickey sprang to his feet, and glared at the doctor. 'No, I won't! I'll go fer nothin'!'

(To be continued.)

Sabbath in the Country.

(By C. Jennie Swaine.)

With dawn the Sunday beauty steals
  Across the summer hills,
And peace, unto the world unknown,
  The sacred silence fills.
In sighing breeze and singing bird,
Lord of the morn, thy voice is heard.

The hands from week day labor free
  Find time to gather flowers.
And hearts let fall their burdens all,
  While praying 'neath the bowers,
Know ye how sweet are prayers that rise
From blossiming sod to vaulted skies.

Softly the sweet-toned Sabbath bells
  Send out their peal on peal,
Until a host of worshippers
  By sacred altars kneel.
The breath of roses fills the air,
Sweet incense of the house of prayer.

The city has its towering spires,
  Its temples, rich and grand,
But sweetly steals, o'er country ways,
  The Sabbaths of the land,
My heart with tender longing fills,
For Sabbaths 'mid my native hills.

O fields aglow with clover blooms;
  O hills of rustling corn,
My thought wings back its way to you
  With every Sabbath morn,
Yet near, and far, and everywhere,
Lord of the Sabbath, thou art there

'What does Satan pay you for swearing?' said a gentleman to a boy.

'He don't pay me anything,' was the reply.

'Well, you work cheap—to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to pain your own soul, and all for nothing—you certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed!'—Selected.

Where the Children Hide.

It was raining out of doors.

Grandmother, who had just arrived at the house, had gone to her room. Mother was busy with the baby.

'I wonder what we can do now?' said Tommy, disconsolately.

'We've played almost everything already,' sighed Ruth.

'We don't want to make any noise,' said thoughtful Dorothea. 'We haven't very many grandmothers. We must be "just as good" to the few we have.'

'She come such a long way,' added Rob.

'I know what we can do,' said Florence happily. 'It's just a "sit-still" game,' and we can have oceans of fun.' Four pairs of very bright eyes turned on Florence.

'You always do think of the nicest things,' said Tommy.

'We'll just hide,' and Florence laughed at the very idea.

'We'll make a noise hiding. We can't help but——'

'Oh! but we can help,' said Florence. 'We're just going to hide "in our minds" you know.'

'I don't see,' said Rob.

'Blindy!' said Florence, and she was almost laughing. 'It's like this: We'll let Ruth hide first; she's the smallest. You just think of some place you'd like to hide if you—why, if you could.'

'You hide first, Florence. Then we'll all see how.'

Florence thought a moment. 'I'm hid.'

'Somewhere in the room?' asked Dorothea.

'Yes, somewhere, in something in the room, but in a place I really couldn't hide, only in my mind.'

'Why, that's jolly!' said Tommy. 'There are no end of places you could hide that way. Is it in the clock?'

'No,' laughed Florence, softly.

'The book shelf?' 'The lamp?' 'The sewing machine.' 'The stove pipe?' These followed fast upon each other. Florence only gave a negative shake of her head.

'I think it's in the teakettle spout,' said Ruth, who had not spoken.

'How did you ever guess it?' asked Florence.

'Why, I just thought I'd like to hide there myself, among the steam fairies, and find out some of their secrets.'

'I haven't found out very many yet,' said Florence.

'You've found something better,' said Tommy. 'You've found the best game, and you're always finding good things.'

'It's your turn, Ruth. You guessed the place, so now you can hide.'

The guessing went on. All seemingly possible and impossible places were suggested.

'I believe she's hid in Florence's mind. She wants to find out how she thinks of things!' said Dorothea.

'That's right!' exclaimed Ruth, gleefully. 'I didn't find out much.'

'You will in time,' said Florence. 'The world, the books, everything is full of lovely things to learn.'

Suddenly Ruth looked at the door. There stood grandmother and mother. They were looking very happy.

'What makes you all so still?' asked grandmother.

'We're playing hide-and-seek,' said Ruth.

'In our minds,' added Rob. He told how it was played.

'It's a nice game,' said grandmother. 'I have some things in my trunk to show you.'

Off ran the children. Grandmother 'almost kept up.' 'I'm sure I did in my mind,' she laughed.

'That's quicker than anything else,' said Florence.

'Mind is a great racer,' said grandmother. 'The more you use it the faster it goes. I hope you'll all win some "mind" races.'
—'Christian Age.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Josie's Lesson.

(By Clara Lesta Speight).

Josie lay curled up on the sofa by the window in the library, a book lay open on her lap, but she was not reading, 'Oh, dear, I wish there really were fairies!' She suddenly exclaimed aloud. 'Because they could give people everything that they want and then everybody would be so happy. I know that if mamma would only let me go with the girls to Pineview that I would be as happy as any little girl could be, but as it is, if it's the least bit cloudy, mamma always wants me cuddled up for fear I may get more cold.'

'How could fairies be able to help you in getting permission to go?' asked a sweet voice. Josie quickly turned her head because she thought herself to be the only occupant of the room.

There at the head of the sofa stood the daintiest and prettiest little lady that Josie had ever seen.

The little lady wore a dainty costume of pale blue satin. The waist was shirred and from the shoulders fell a heavy frill of the loveliest lace. The skirt was simply made. It was shirred to form a yoke and ruffles edged with lace encircled it. She had a scarf of cream lace flung loosely over her head so that only a little stray curl could be seen here and there through the lace folds of the scarf.

One thing Josie could not help noticing, was that a pair of very bright little eyes were examining her very closely. 'Well,' said her visitor, repeating her question, 'How could fairies gain your mother's consent for you to go on the picnic?' the little lady looked at her with such kind eyes that quite dispelled any fear Josie might have had of her. 'I think, that as fairies have such power they might persuade mamma to let me go,' said Josie, at this her visitor smiled.

'My dear little girl, your mamma knows what is best for you. A little girl, who has had pneumonia and is not yet strong, should not go out when it is cold and looks like rain, and even the fairies will agree with this.'

Meanwhile, all this time, Josie was wondering who her visitor was and how she came. Her thoughts were soon to be answered, for the next thing the little lady said to her was, 'I know you are wondering who I am, well, I am the Fairy Amoris. The Queen of the fairies, hearing of your great wish to learn something about the fairies, has sent me to ask your mother's consent for you to pay us an extended visit to Fairyland, and as our guest you will be given a chance to see and learn a great deal about our customs.

'Well, I think, we will go now,' and before Josie could say yes or no, they were out doors. 'Oh, but it's raining!' exclaimed Josie. 'Never mind, dear,' said the fairy, 'Here is the carriage and there's plenty of wraps for our journey.' In an instant they were comfortably seated and were off.

Josie grew very drowsy and laying her head comfortably against the back of the carriage she went to sleep. How long she slept she did not know, but when she awoke she was more than surprised to find herself in a beautiful room. The room was not like any she had ever seen, what she thought was a beautiful velvet carpet was only the soft green grass, and hedges higher and more beautiful than any she had ever seen formed the walls, while the ceiling was composed of creeping vines which wound themselves from hedge to hedge. Scattered here and there about the room if it may be called one, were seats made of moss.

Josie noticed some one coming towards her, it was her old friend Amoris, 'I have come to introduce you to our Queen, so come this way, my dear.'

'Welcome to Fairyland, my little maid,' was the Queen's greeting to her, 'And I hope this visit may be one of pleasure and of helpfulness to you.' She then turned to the fairies, who were gathered about their beautiful Queen to receive their allotted tasks for the morrow. At last there were only four fairies left to receive their tasks. While these received their work, Josie stood half-concealed behind a solemn pine, she felt shy and sensitive but she was not to be overlooked, for the Queen calling her, said: 'My dear, thou wilt go, wilt thou not, with fairies on their messages of love and mercy, and in seeing the work they are doing it will strengthen and make thee better,' so saying the Queen kissed Josie's soft little cheek and then disappeared until the only sign that told of her recent presence was a golden wand, which she had forgotten, that quivering seemed to send a stream of gold across the woodland and lea.

The four fairies accompanied by Josie, went dancing and singing on their way, resolving to try and do all the kindness that they could so that the fairy Queen would bless their course, they said they would not merely perform their allotted tasks and then seek their own pleasure, but would try to do all the good they could. So each after giving the other a word of encouragement sped on her way, promising to meet on the eve of the morrow in the shady recesses of the solemn pines where only the glowing colors of dawn and sunset would penetrate.

Josie and Amoris came earthward and ran into a low room of a tenement house, where the fairy unseen played with a little child, till forgetting its troubles and woes, it fell asleep on its poor tired mother's arm, thus allowing her to resume her neglected work. From there they went to where a little girl sat alone with eyes that would never see this beautiful world till God called her home. The fairy whispered beautiful stories into her ear until the little girl cried, 'Oh! mama, I have such beautiful thoughts,' and her little pale face became lighted with pleasure.

As the shadows of evening were falling they returned home.

When the Queen asked them of their work and its success and all they had learnt during the day, the fairies told her. She then turned to Josie and said, 'What did you do my dear,' 'Ah, dear Queen, replied Josie, 'I did not do anything but I have learnt a lesson that will help me all my life,' 'And what is it my child,' the good Queen of the fairies asked. 'I have learnt,' replied Josie, 'That when we seek to please others that we have found our own pleasure.' 'Ah! my child, you have learnt the greatest lesson of all, for therein lies the happiness of mortals, and I am indeed well pleased with you all, pure and noble children, and great will be my reward to you.'

'Josie dear, wake up, do you know what time it is? Why it is six o'clock and we have such a pleasant surprise for you. Aunt Janet has come, but is going away on the eight o'clock train in the morning, and if you had gone to Pine view you would have missed seeing her,' and with this Marjorie bent and kissed the flushed face of her little sister.

'Oh I have had such a lovely dream, Marjorie,' said Josie and after repeating it to her sister she said, 'After this I will try and think more of others and not be so selfish and naughty, really I feel as if I don't deserve to see Auntie.'

Josie never forgot her dream and it helped her to be a better little girl, for when ever she felt tempted to be selfish she would think of her visit to Fairyland, and how happy the fairies are and why they are so.—Georgetown, Ont.

Correspondence

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. This is the second year I have taken the 'Messenger' in my own name. We have been getting it in our home for a long time. I have no papa; he died when I was four years old. I have four brothers living, but no sister. I have a little brother and sister dead, younger than myself. I did not go to school any this winter. It was such a cold, stormy winter. I can walk to school in seven minutes. Our teacher's name is Miss M. I have one little cousin going to school that I sit with. Her name is Lavenia K. I have lots of other little cousins I often visit. Some live up the French River, some up Waugh River, some at Brule Corner, and some more on the gulf shore of Pugwash. We live quite near the shore. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.'

VARINA L. ROSS.

Q. I., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I do not see any letters from this place, I thought I would write one. I live on an island, but do not get to school every day (as the other little girls do). My brother and I cross the harbor in an open boat in summer. I must tell you what happened to three little boys in this place. They were playing down by the sea shore and got into a dory, which went adrift. The boat tossed to and fro in a terrible storm. We all thought they would be lost, but the brave little fellows sat perfectly still until their boat landed on a place named Indian Island. When there, our men reached them safely, and then they got to their homes that night. I have one brother named Edward, who takes the 'Messenger,' and one sister named Maud.

LILA SUTHERLAND.

C., Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from this part of Manitoba, I thought I would try and write one. Mamma has taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and I like it very much. I live on a farm about six miles from Toxwarren, which is our nearest village. I think the country around here is rather pretty with its bluffs of trees and large wheat fields, which look fine in harvest, when we can see a number of binders going at once, and our prairies look quite gay in summer, with the great variety of flowers. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I go regularly, and I like it very much. I also go to Sunday school and church, which is three miles and a half away.

LENA B.

W.B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—W. B., is a small place, but is very pretty in summer. There are quite big farms. We have one, and there are quite a few others. I have one sister and one brother. We go to school every day. The schoolhouse is a mile from us, and besides there are two churches, Baptist and Methodist, and a hall, all at the same place.

There are some forests that yield pine, spruce, maple, birch, elm, fir, beech, hemlock, and hatmatac. The animals are: moose, fox, bear, caribou, raccoon, muskrat, and many other smaller animals. We had twenty-one head of cattle last winter, but will not have as many this year.

The people are all English. I like the 'Messenger' very much.

GORDON ATKINSON.

A., Ga., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I am a little Georgian boy, I am eight years old. I go to school, and made my rise to the fourth grade.

A Canadian cousin sends me the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very much. The magnolia trees are in bloom. The blossoms are a foot in diameter. The cotton is up. I wish you could see a cotton field when the cotton is ready to pick; it is beautiful.

Now I will answer some of the questions in the letters.

'A man is over head and ears in debt,' when his hat is not paid for.

The longest chapter in the Bible is Ps. cxix. The shortest verse in the Bible is 'Jesus wept.' John ii., 35.

Now I will ask some easy questions:

1. Who was the first man?
2. Who knew the Scripture from a child?
3. Who was king when Jesus was born?
4. Who went to heaven in a chariot of fire?
5. Who built the ark?
6. Who was the wisest man?

The first letters of the answers spell the name of my city. What is it?

WARREN W. B.

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have a gray pony who has one colt, which is three years old. We have a team of ponies, and one of them is my pony's colt.

I am going to take the 'Messenger' for quite a while, as I think it is a beautiful paper, but my eyes play out if I read too much at a time. My favorite books are: 'Tip Lewis and his Lamp,' 'The Man of the House,' 'The little Miner,' 'The Adventures of a Brownie.' We have a school library at our school, and I have read nearly all of it.

CESTER SARGENT (age 11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Engine.' Morley Nosh, P., Ont.
2. 'Rose.' Ada Carter, W., Ont.
3. 'Goose.' Ella Pearl Conrad, P., N.H.
4. 'Vase.' Myrtle E. Johnson, T., N.S.
5. 'Among the Hills.' Warner Lang, R., Ont.
6. 'My Pet Bird.' Elsie Smith, N.S., N.S.
7. 'A Leaf.' Ethel E. Nicolle, W.S., P.E.I.
8. 'Vessel.' Johnny Robertson, R. P., P.E.I.
9. 'House.' Maggie Hoar, Ont.
10. 'A Flower.' Gladys L. Pegg.
11. 'Grapes.' Mary Currie, W., Ont.
12. 'Fan.' Isabel Anderson, W., Ont.
13. 'Toby.' Catherine McPherson, G.A., C.B.
14. 'Ducks.' O. Kerr, M., Que.
15. 'Fish.' Harry Kerr, M., Que.
16. 'My House.' Maggie B. Fraser, R., Ont.
17. 'Desk.' Fred Mayberry, S., Ont.
18. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Effie N., P.C.

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We want the information for a particular purpose, and the one sending it will be doing the Sunday School in question a good turn.

....

Dear Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Sunday School of.....Church, belonging to the ..... denomination, does not distribute the 'Northern' Messenger' to any of its classes. It has a membership of about ..... scholars.

It has the following officers:—

Name. Address.

SUPERINTENDENT .. .. ..

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26, 1906.

The Rich Young Ruler.

Luke xviii., 1-14.

Golden Text.

If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.—Matt. xvi., 24.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 20.—Mark x., 17-31.
Tuesday, August 21.—Mark x., 2-16.
Wednesday, August 22.—Mark x., 32-45.
Thursday, August 23.—Rom. xiii., 1-14.
Friday, August 24.—Deut. v., 28-6; 9.
Saturday, August 25.—Matt. xix., 16-30.
Sunday, August 26.—Luke xviii., 18-30.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

A special, though sad, interest attaches to all the incidents of Jesus' last journey to Jerusalem. He had healed the lepers and blessed the children, and now, almost under shadow of His cross, in point of time only four weeks removed, comes this subtlest of interviews with the rich young president of some synagogue.

The man was like one thoroughly incased in armor. Every piece was burnished with diligence and disposed for effect. He stood panoplied cap-a-pie. But beneath all this splendid, impregnable, moving fortress lurked a disquiet spirit, that felt itself not quite secure in spite of all, else he would never have come to the Nazarene rabbi.

Jesus just condescends to enter the lists, and tilt and foil with this knight of legality on his own ground and by his own methods. First of all, He will bring him, with all his boasted goodness, face to face with the absolute goodness of God. He adroitly puts a significance upon the hollow term of polite address which the user of it never dreamed of. In the blazing light of Divine perfection the vaunted armor of self-righteousness is sadly dimmed.

But since the inquirer will be perfect by his own exertion, Jesus holds before him the unyielding, flinty table of the law, and cries, 'Do and live!' The legalist, thinking only of the letter, could say, 'I have kept it.' Yet spite of this vaunted literal obedience, there is a dread sense of insecurity.

The Master knew all the while the weak spot in his brave and glittering armor. He has only been toying with and testing His opponent so far. Now He brings His lance to rest to make the deadly thrust. 'Sell all, and give all!' 'If you really want the treasure of heaven, give up the treasure of earth.'

Gossner quaintly says 'a man may pledge and stake his head a hundred times, but if one were to proceed to take it from him, he would feel for the first time how it sticks to him.' In the dread concussion of Jesus' word the rich young magistrate realized for the first time how he was wedded to his wealth. It was as much a part of him as his head was. He would as soon have parted with the one as the other.

Jesus was holding up with steady hand the first table of the law that required a supreme love of God which would expel any idol. In the flashing light of that divinely-engraven Sinaitic tablet the ruler discovered that Mammon filled his whole heart. The revelation was thorough. Not a word needed to be added. Equivocation was impossible. A heart was revealed to itself. It found itself destitute of the very essence of religion—supreme love of God.

Crucial moment that! The compass-needle of a soul wavered between heaven and hell. Alas! alas! when in a moment it came to rest, it pointed steadily toward perdition. What a loss! The dread unrest, extreme enough to bring this man of high rank to the despised Galilean; and to bring him, not like Nicodemus, but in the most public place and manner. That unrest might have been instantly removed by the absolute assurance of a happy immortality. Riches held by frailes t tenure—wealth, the sport of the natural elements and standing temptation to human rapacity, were then and there deliberately preferred to treasure laid up where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

No wonder the Master-teacher availed Himself of such a didactic incident. He quotes the proverbial description of the impossible to indicate the extreme difficulty of a happy outcome to this and similar instances. As easily could their largest domestic animal pass through the smallest orifice with which they were familiar, as a rich man enter heaven. He will not enter at all except by means of that regenerating grace which enables him to break the enchanting spell of mammon and love God with a supreme affection.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. A Subtle Interview.
   Meaning of universal application.
2. A Knight of Legality: The Young Ruler.
   Disquiet spirit leads to Jesus.
   An impetuous inquirer.
3. Condescension of Jesus.
   Meets on his own ground.
   Uses his own methods.
4. Relative Goodness Made to Face Absolute Goodness.
5. The Legalist Bidden to 'Do and Live.'
   Referred to the law.
6. Obedience Averred.
   Jesus' admiration for ingenuousness.
7. The Weak Spot Touched Last.
   Crucial command: 'Sell and give.'
   Self-revelation.
   Lordship of Mammon recognized.
8. Failure in Final Test.
9. Jesus' Caution Against Undue Love of Wealth.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Alas! the genus of the rich young ruler is not yet extinct. The world contains as many, if not more, moralists, than ever. The refrain still greets our ears, 'All these have I kept.' They are on the best of terms with the Ten Commandments.

* * * *

Under bold front, however, disquiet vents itself in the query, 'What lack I yet?' There is conscious deficiency. If an iota is wanting, all is lost; for how shall an imperfect morality effect a perfect salvation? Cause must equal effect.

* * * *

Morality seeks to fortify itself with added works—'Some bold stroke of righteousness, some grand supererogation.' But what do these amount to when the very source of these is evil? They spring from love of self, not love of God.

* * * *

Morality fails in the crucial test of a complete surrender to God. All the legal doings of a lifetime did not empower the young man to lift his eyes to heaven and cry, 'Even so, Father; for thus it seemeth good in Thy sight.'

* * * *

Where morality fails, grace succeeds. The thing impossible to man (in a state of nature), is possible to man when God works in him to will and to do of his good pleasure.

* * * *

Size of a bank account, amount of real estate, bonds, and stocks, is not the question. But attitude of the heart—that is the test. If a voice should sound from heaven, 'Sell all and give all,' are these material things held so lightly that compliance with that hypothetical voice would be possible?

* * * *

Nay, have these things already been surrendered to God? Are they held in trust for Him? Is the principle of Christian stewardship recognized and lived up to?

* * * *

Touchstone for all, not rich alone, is here. The poor may be as ardently attached to the wealth they covet as the rich to that they actually possess.

* * * *

Not dollar out of pocket, but grace in heart, is what God wants. What are our worldly things to the Proprietor of the universe? Moral qualities of the soul are more precious to Him than rivers of oil or cattle on a thousand hills. A literal surrender would have been nothing apart from the spirit in which it was made.

* * * *

One Greek word for sin signifies, literally, 'To miss the mark.' One as certainly misses it by falling short of it as by going beyond it. Failure in supreme love to God is as certainly sin as actual transgression of the law.

* * * *

Is it small matter that we fall short in our love for that Being who, above all others, should have the supreme affection of every rational soul He has created, preserved, redeemed? Such love for Him is the very essence of religion.

* * * *

One may speak with tongue of men and angels, and have gift of prophecy, and understand mysteries and knowledge, and have mountain-removing faith. One may literally do what Jesus required of the rich young ruler, and even suffer martyrdom in addition; yet if all this could be conceived of as being done without a supreme love of God, it would be profitless, and as meaningless as a clanging cymbal.

* * * *

Think you the Saviour's test extreme in its severity? Providence is yet daily applying it. Call to ministry, call to philanthropy, halt in amassing wealth to disperse it as an almoner of God—this is Jesus saying yet, 'Sell and give!'

* * * *

Pity the sorry plight of the rich young ruler. Yes! But have a care we are not in the same plight ourselves. The natural man is so ready to exclaim, 'Anything but that, Lord.' Rest assured the Searcher of Hearts will never lay His hand on anything short of the idol, and nothing but the new birth will enable us to surrender it.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 26.—Topic—Home missions among our island possessions. Isa. xlii., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, August 20.—Benhadad and Ahab. I. Kings xx., 1-9.

Tuesday, August 21.—Benhadad's threat. I. Kings xx., 10.

Wednesday, August 22.—Ahab's answer. I. Kings xx., 11.

Thursday, August 23.—Benhadad's feast. —I. Kings xx., 12.

Friday, August 24.—God's promise. I. Kings xx., 13-15.

Saturday, August 25.—Erring through strong drink. Isa. xviii., 7.

Sunday, August 26.—Topic —The story of Benhadad. I. Kings xx., 16-21.

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Jeff's Permanent Blue Paint.

(W. J. Lacey, in the 'Christian Age.')

The railway into Sandcomb runs high up amongst the chimney-pots of the Daneland, which is the old town and the home of the poor. It was in passing and repassing that Mr. Bonfellow began to notice the changes in the look of a big window flower-box fixed up out side one house. From noticing he drifted into interest, and interest heightened into curiosity, and then curiosity led to knowledge, and on the heels of that came sympathy, and sympathy saved a man.

How the thing was done is just the story of 'Jeff's Permanent Blue Paint.'

Mr. Bonfellow came to Sandcombe three times a year. In the spring he wanted to blow what might linger of the winter fogs out of his lungs; in the autumn he obeyed fashion and pleased himself by coming to the sea at his favorite point; and at Christmas he had, as he put it, nowhere else to go. He was a bachelor, and the niece who had kept house for him within sound of St. Paul's now kept house for a clever young doctor who made the merchant welcome.

This explains how there were such long intervals between the various sets of observations which Mr. Bonfellow took of the big window-box. But it does not account for the marked differences he discovered from time to time. It was these that puzzled him. He had a taste for flowers. Bessie Andrews knew that, and still, as when she was Bessie Bonfellow, she had always a blossom for his coat. His love for everything green made him watch the stand of plants that were only a stone's throw from the carriage window. The case that held them was very large. It extended to the side of the house and must have descended to the level of the first floor. It was a miniature conservatory.

The great feature, so far as externals were concerned, was its coat of bright blue. This invariably caught the traveller's eye, especially if it was spick and span, as happened when Mr. Bonfellow first saw it on a windy April day, and as was again a fact at Christmas in the same year.

But on his September journey, and again in the next spring, the blue was sadly tarnished, the glass was broken, dust had settled everywhere, and, in short, there were numerous signs that care had ceased.

On the earliest occasion when this alteration for the worst was noticed with regret, Mr. Bonfellow set it down that the dwelling beyond had a new tenant, and one who lacked either time or inclination to cultivate the beautiful. This one cottage had been happily distinguished amongst grimy companions. Now it was fast returning into the dismal ranks.

However, there was a surprise in store. Convinced that his theory was the right one, Mr. Bonfellow thought no more of the circumstance. He did not even glance at the house as he went back to London a fortnight later. His face was buried in his newspaper. But at Christmas the window-box was brighter and better than ever. In spite of winter frosts it was gay within and without. That meant that thought and affection were lavished upon it. The inference was that a second change of occupancy had occurred, and that the stranger was after the pattern of the original friend of flowers. But there was the element of doubt in this solution, likely as it seemed, and Mr. Bonfellow was conscious of the question.

He looked out eagerly next time. His face fell as the train came to the spot. There, in the soft spring sunshine, was begrimed glass and chipped and faded paint, and a woeful array inside. It was a disappointment. Though he had no real concern with this part of Sandcombe, he then and there resolved to ascertain the meaning of these changes. He spoke of his purpose at Leslie Lodge after breakfast next day.

'There's a puzzle I want to solve down in the Marsh,' he said. 'I can't undersand the ruin of a pretty flower-box there. It has happened twice. At other times it has been quite different. The blue and green and the buds and blossoms have brightened up the whole row of cottages.'

'That would be Kent Street, at the back,' said his niece.

'At the back—yes; it is all you can see from the railway line. I did not know the name of the thoroughfare.'

'I expect you refer to No. 10. John Jeffs lives there. Have you been called to Jeffs' lately, Cyril?'

The wife had turned to herhusband. He looked up from his letters.

'No, I haven't,' he replied; 'but I quite expect a summons. It will come to that. It always does. I pity the man's wife and children. They always know which way he is steering. I don't wonder that his window-box does the same.'

Mr. Bonfellow first frowned and then smiled.

'You forget that instead of clearing things up you are talking riddles. the pair of you,' he said. 'Never mind; I've made a guess. Leave it to me to discover if I am far astray. If I'm right it had better come out at the cottage. It is sure to do that.'

And he went off for his tramp into the Marsh.

Kent Street was not inviting from the front. The people who lived there seemed to recognize the fact, for only in one window was there a card up in the common style of Sandcombe— 'Furnished Apartments.' Yet Whitsuntide was approaching. The solitary bid for lodgers was No. 10, and with a business man's trained keenness Mr. Bonfellow saw the door of introduction standing ajar. As he came through the town he had wondered how he should open his enquiry. What was it to him how much or how little color was inside or outside of that window-box? Was not his errand an impertinence? But now he could at least ask about the rooms as a beginning, and so take stock and be ready for the grand assault.

He was not compelled to use subterfuge. A child, whose face was frightened and sad, answered his knock. Before he could frame a question she had judged him. She ran into a room behind and he heard her say:

'A gentleman to see the apartments, mamma.'

But Mr. Bonfellow had another impulse. Poverty was here. He would not deceive even for a few moments. He had not come to bring any such help and relief as the little maid's words might have suggested to her mother. He would be candid and acknowledge the truth.

There were several minutes of unexplained waiting, and he fancied he heard sounds of suppressed strife and pleading. Was there a drama in the background? But at last a wan woman crossed the passage. She was still fair and she was very ladylike. It was easy to see where the child got her good-breeding. Mr. Bonfellow's self-imposed task seemed to grow harder. Surely his haste and his intrusive curiosity were recoiling on his own head. These were not the stamp of people he had expected to interview.

'You wish for rooms, sir?'

'No,' he said with a positive gruffness due to his sense of a false position; 'I am sorry I don't require any apartments, madam. But you are Mrs. Jeffs, I think?'

'Yes, that is my name.'

It was spoken wearily. Hope had ebbed once more. She half turned round. There was a clattering noise in the rear, like uncertain fingers fumbling with a latch. It increased the anxiety on the woman's countenance. Her manner was restless and uneasy.

'What I do want is to know if I could pay for repainting the flower case at the back of your house,' said Mr. Bonfellow, in his sudden desperation. 'It used to look so nice from the railway, and I have an eye for that sort of thing, and I'm often running down to Sandcombe. I liked to see it. I delight in flowers. Once before it was out of repair, I thought then that you must have removed, but afterwards it was all right again, until this journey. Will you let me apologise, and—and pay for putting it in order?'

He had gone on with his torrent of short sentences and puffs and comical stammerings, and finally repeated his proposition, and did not notice the haggard, unshorn man's face that was in the shadows beyond. Mrs. Jeffs knew that her husband was there, and she was quivering at that, and not at the words of this odd type of visitor. She dreaded more disgrace; she did not divine that a wonderful rescue was near.

Before she knew what to answer the initiative was taken out of her hands; John Jeffs had been drinking heavily, but he was not at the stage when reason is wholly drowned; contrition was moving within his breast, and this had made him cross and quarrelsome with the woman who sought to hide his shame, and Mr. Bonfellow's offer administered a sharp and salutary shock. As he listened the tides of a great repentance swept in upon his soul. It is often so; a word or a look, some foolish trifle, unseals the deep waters, and the grateful heart can only how in praise to God and thank Him for His mysteries of Providence.

There was a heavy step at Mrs. Jeff's side. Mr. Bonfellows started.

'You love flowers; so do I; but I've been a fool. I don't know who you are, but I'll tell you my story—it's short, simple, dark. I'm a builder, and could do middling well; sometimes I do. Then the wife's glad, and the children get new clothes, and I doctor up the bit of a conservatory out there; that's when I leave the public-houses alone. But I'm a doughty man, and now and then I don't do well, I have a bad break, and I get as you see me to-day, and the wife's glum, Bess and Tom have short commons and everything goes to rack and ruin. I'm too ill to finish it, and Dr. Andrews up at Leslie Lodge comes to say I must stop. Somehow I manage to pull up, until the next turn; but no, sir, I'll paint my own window-box, please, and pay for it, too; and I'll knock the drink off again, and you shall see.'

A half smile flittered over Mr. Bonfellow's countenance. His surmise had proved true, but it soon faded. He was sorry for this household.

'That is a manly speech,' he said; 'I hope you will make a long stand, Mr. Jeffs. I was in danger from the same cause once; I found it out in time, and I "knocked it off," as you say. I never touch intoxicating liquors now: that is my way of being safe. You will paint the window-box, then? May I drop in and look at your plants when it's done? I am staying with Dr. Andrews.'

The leave was given and used, and the merchant and the builder became fast friends. A brother's sympathy offered in a strange way and in the nick of time was precious in its results. Joy came back to John Jeff's home, the wife found her long-lost happiness anew. Bess and Tom find the world a fairer place, and the window-box is always gay; and has a framed pledge card cunningly let into the dividing screen, if you go close; a hand points thereto, and over the hand a peculiar legend which is the builder's humorous conceit:—

'Jeff's Permanent Blue Paint.'

One of the most conclusive signs, says the 'Ram's Horn,' of the rapidly increasing power of the temperance force in the United States is the unparalleled fear manifested in the ranks of the forces of intemperance in different quarters of the country. 'Truth,' the leading liquor organ, of Michigan, says: 'The men engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquor in Michigan, who conduct the business along lawful and legitimate lines, are viewing with more or less alarm the growth of public disfavor toward the business and seeking for means to combat it. Never before in the history of the state has there been so much agitation against the business, not only by the everpresent temperance agitator, but by men high in public and professional life, who are known to be men with liberal ideas.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Bird's Lullaby.

(Blanche M. Channing, in the 'Congregationalist.')

'Hush! hush! hush!'
Sings the beautiful big brown thrush
To his drowsy mate on the nest,
With the warm eggs under her breast.
'Hush! hush! hush!'
Sings the beautiful big brown thrush.

'Hark! hark! hark!'
How the bright brook runs in the dark!
It will not stop nor stay,
It never will lose its way—
'Hark! hark! hark!'
How the bright brook runs in the dark!

'Still, still, still,'
The white moon sits on the hill.
Her face is kind and fair
In the mist of her silver hair.
'Still, still, still,'
The white moon sits on the hill.

'Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Till the young day comes to peep,
Till his rosy fingers touch
The nest that I love so much,
Till the young day comes to peep—
Sleep, sleep, sleep!'

The Refreshment of Change.

It has passed into a truism that the real holiday is not so much idleness as change. Even a little change is a great refreshment.

A charming old lady who was socially inclined, but who was kept rather closely at home by the pressure of many cares, used sometimes to exclaim, 'I do love to drink out of somebody else's teacups!'

A fitting pendant to this agreeable anecdote is another of a little girl whose supper invariably consisted of bread and butter, milk and stewed apples—a monotonous diet, of which she frequently complained.

One day she was asked out to supper at a neighbor's. At a late hour the hostess found that no stewed apples had been prepared for the little guest, so she sent one of the maids to the child's home for a supply.

The little girl on returning to her mother, was enthusiastic about the delightful visit, and particularly about the 'beautiful supper,' when she had been allowed to pour milk and cream for herself from the daintiest little pitchers.

'And, oh, such good stewed apples, mother, the best I ever tasted!'—'Christian Age.'

Selected Recipes.

BUTTERMILK GRIDDLE CAKES.— To make the cakes light and in perfection the buttermilk must not be strained, but should have the little particles of butter floating in it. To a pint of buttermilk allow a scant half-pint of clabbered milk; mix, stirring in flour enough to make a stiff batter; beat well and until the lumps are all out; then add a half-teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of soda finely powdered and thoroughly stirred into a gill of flour. Beat well into the batter; then add enough buttermilk to make it of the consistency of buckwheat cakes. Bake on a hot griddle and serve a griddleful at a time as soon as baked.

CHOCOLATE CREAM MOUSSE.—Stir into a pint of thick sweet cream half a cupful of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put a layer of the cream in a deep dish, sprinkle thickly with very finely grated sweet chocolate, then another layer of the cream, next a layer of chopped nuts and raisins. Alternate in this fashion until the dish is full; then pack in salt and ice, and allow it to stand for four or five hours. The raisins should be kept in boiling water for half an hour before using.

25c for this Beautiful Taffeta Silk Girdle, any shade desired. Same Girdle in Mercerized sateen, any shade for 15c. Catalog lists everything at wholesale; send for it Southcott Suit Co., Dept. 1 London, Ont

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Religious Notes.

A rare virtue attaches to the protest of Mrs. Mary Schauffler Labaree against the action of the United States Government in exacting an indemnity of $50,000 from Persia for the killing of her husband, a missionary, by native religious fanatics. Recognizing her right as an American citizen to such indemnity, she preferred to waive it for the sake of the mission cause, which is as dear to her as it was to her murdered husband. The matter, she pointed out, would not be understood by the Persians, who would speak of it as 'blood money'; and this forcible extortion by the United States of payment might thus do 'serious and lasting injury' to Christian missions in Persia.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in the death of the Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., who for more than twenty years served with marked efficiency as corresponding secretary. Dr. Smith was a man whose breadth of scholarship and depth of sympathy and perception made him easily a leader among men. His splendid service to the cause of foreign missions was not limited to his own denomination. Personal observation of mission work in Turkey, Japan and China enabled him to speak with authority, and he will be greatly missed in our large missionary convocations, where his devout spirit rendered his words an inspiration and his sound judgment made his counsel invaluable.

In connection with the annual meeting of the Western Turkey Mission of the American Board this year the seventy-fifth anniversary of the beginning of work in Constantinople was appropriately celebrated on May 21.

A veteran missionary from China tells of a Chinaman who had read the whole New Testament three times. He was not an avowed Christian, but when asked what most struck him in his reading, he replied, 'The most wonderful thing I read was that it is possible for us men to become temples of the Holy Ghost.'

SICK HEADACHE

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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1.—Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, (See Cut No. 1), bright silver finish or richly gilt. The handle is ornamented with coat-of-arms of each province, in fine hard enamel, or with enamel maple leaf for Alberta and Saskatchewan, whose coat-of-arms is not yet authorized. The great attraction about this spoon is that we will have the bowl HAND ENGRAVED TO YOUR ORDER, with any single name you choose—your surname—your Christian name—or the name of your town. This is a rare chance for residents in new districts to get a handsome Souvenir Spoon that they could not buy locally for any money. These Spoons, with Christian name engraved, would form a most ACCEPTABLE PRESENT for any one. When intended as a gift we will mail direct postpaid and registered to any address, with sender's card enclosed, if supplied. This spoon retails regularly at $1.25. One of these spoons given for new subscriptions to any of our publications to the value of $1.80

2.—Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon (See Cut No. 2), with head of either King or Queen on handle, and bowl stamped with Parliament Buildings, Ottawa; silver finish or gilt as preferred. Retails at $1.25. One of these spoons is given for new subscriptions to the value of $1.80

No. 2.

'Daily Witness.' 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.' 'World Wide.' 'Northern Messenger.'

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